Lines on The Death of a Little Child,

Mourn not, gentle Mother,
Fond Father, cease weeping,
Your Loved child, is not dead;
But peacefully, Sleeping.
That pledge of your Love,
Was lent, and not given;
That sweet Little Earth-bud,
Has Blossomed, in Heaven.

As oft as I saw Him,
My heart filled with fear,
Lest one of such Beauty,
Might not Long Tarry here,
His brow was too thoughtful,
In his Eye, too much Light,
As if the Spirit immortal,
Was plumming for Flight.

Though a Dark Cloud of grief,
Has your Sad hearts oppressed,
Your Saviour, behind it,
With your Babe, on his Breast,
For, Like a Lost Church,
Estrayed, from his home,
An Angel has caught him,
And with him, has flown.

The cloud, he will Scatter,
And the Bow, will appear,
If you trust in his promise,
Your hearts he will cheer.
May another sweet Blossom,
Yet spring, from the Tree,
May it, ripen to Fruit,
In full Maturity.

Jamie on the death of a little Girl

The Invalid, returning home to die.

The fever fire, is in each vein;
My strength, is wasting fast;
And every hour, is mark'd with pain,
Not long, can life thus last.

Oh take me, to dear Italy,
Oh, take me, back, one more;
For all, that e'er was dear, to me,
Is on, that sunny shore.

I long one more, her skies to see,
And breathe her balmy air,
Methinks my dying hour would be,
Less keen, if I were there.

Oh take me to my childhood's home,
Where clust'ring vines are seen,
There, let my youthful sun go down,
Where passed, my boyhood's dream.

A mothers arms, are waiting me,
An only sisters love,

These were written
by Mrs Vickery
& belong to her
[Mrs Vickery
Angell to
Providence
R. I.

Ann E.

They watch my coming anxiously,
My dying hour, to soothe.

A grave is there, amid the flowers
Which all my hopes contain.
Its closing, wither'd all my powers,
All, save the sense of pain.

There, sleeps the Idol, of my heart,
My life, my joy, my pride,
But cruel death, has bid us part.
Or she had been my Bride.

They forced me, from that grave to roam,
Thinking, my heart to heal,
Vain thought; the reason left her throne,
The heart, ceased not, to feel.

She comes, when sleep has seal'd my eyes,
All radiant, and fair;
She points her finger, to the skies,
And whispers, meet me there.

I come, I come, dearest Estelle,
The Saints have heard my prayer,
One stone, shall now, our resting tell,
Our dust, shall mingle there.

Mine ear has caught the Heavenly strain
Dear home, dear friends farwell,
Amid the bright Angelic train
I see my own Estelle.

On the Death, of Mrs J. W. Taylor.

She has gone from the arms of affection,
As go, the bright things of the earth,
Love and friendship, now sit in dejection,
And muse on her loss, and her worth.

All that could be, was done to restore her,
But art, had no power, To heal,
And she droop'd, as droopeth the flower,
For Death, on her brow, sat his seal.

But the Angel came not in his Terror,
It was, but a Message of Love,
And her faith, became stronger, and clearer,
As she drank, from the fountain above.

What a shining example was given,
In her life, her sickness, and death,
Oh, how bright, were her glimpses of Heaven,
As her star, was nearing, the earth.

It is over; and all that was Mortal,
We now, have committed to dust,
But we feel, she has entered that portal,
That leads, to the home of the Just.

As a Daughter, a wife, and a Mother,
A sister, companion, and friend,
In her, these were blended together,
With a Luster, that few can transcend.

And oft, when the Sun has descended,
To rest, in his far Ocean bed,
My thoughts, with her image is blended,
My heart, holds commune with the dead.

Yes dear friend, in the stillness of even,
When I think of thy peaceful decline,
I pray, that my prospect of Heaven,
May be, as unclouded, as thine.

Bran 153.

O may they, whose fond hearts are bereaven,
Be sustained, by the arm of the Lord;
To them may consolation be given,
And that peace, which cometh from God.

Sleep, sleep, till Earth's Centre is shaken;
And backwards, the Heavens shall roll,
When the dead, from their slumber, shall waken,
May you meet, in the home of the soul.

# Friendship.

True friendship, is one of the noblest attributes of our nature; it is a nameless, but tender sympathy; subsisting between kindred souls; a sympathy, ever alive, to each others joys, and sorrows; like a golden link, connecting congenial mind, to mind, resembling, a delicate sensitive plant, slow in its growth, and requiring careful cultivation, to bring it to perfection.

Friendship is the twin sister of love; both, having their roots implanted, in the heart, and, like that sentiment, it is much better felt, than described; it should be trained, to the standard of truthfulness, watered by the refreshing dew of affection, fanned by the gentle breath of sympathy, and warmed by the bright sun, of confidence.

Thus cherished, and protected, it acquires, both strength, and beauty; filling the bosom from which it spring, with joy, and all who participate in it, with gladness; when this interchange of the heart, is purified, and refined, by the spirit of true piety, it becomes deathless, and almost divine. —

J. C. W.

Friendship,

To a friend

I think of thee, at early dawn;
When misty sleep, is brush'd away,
While Dew, is on the Sweet hawthorn,
And singing-Birds, proclaim the day.

I think of thee, when moon, and Star,
Has stoop'd to kiss, the rolling Sea,
I would not breath, even to thy Ear.
How Long, and well, I've thought of thee.

I think of thee, whenever my Voice,
Ascends to god - in Secret prayer,
That he may make thee, to rejoice,
And guard Thee, with a fathers care.

I thought of thee - when Vernal Spring,
With warm, and vivifying Power,
Arrayed the Earth, with Living green,
And Deck'd the Trees, with Leaf and flower.

I thought of thee, when Summers sun,
Had seared the grass, and droop'd the flower,
When wearied Beast, and Languid man,
Were panting, for the Cooling Shower.

I thought of thee, when Autumn Trees,
Were Bending with Delicious Fruit,
When softly sigh'd, the gentle Breeze,
Like music, from the Silver Lute.

And now, I think of thee, while snow,
Is borne, upon the Howling Blast,
And though the Eye, may Overflow,
Fond memory, Lingers round the past.

We've entered now another year,
Its joys, and sorrows, none can tell,
Be strong in hope, and leave the rest,
To him, who doeth all things well."

Prov Jan 1st/52

# On the Death of a Soldier.
## at the Silvey Barrack Hospitale.

One more Soldier, has gone to his rest. after two years of great suffering; most of which was spent in different Hospitals; at length, he was again brought to our little Hospitale, at Barrack Silvey, to die. He having previously been an inmate there, for four Months; after Languishing few days, he passed away.

No Kindred gathered round his dying Couch, to speak to him the words of comfort and of hope; to moisten his parched lips, to smoothe the Pillow for his aching head and drop the tear of sympathy, while he wrestled with the King of Terrors. but Strangers were to him, his friends in need. Men, war-worn, and Battle-Scarred, who had stood with stout hearts, and with unflinching Courage, amid scenes of Carnage and of death, they became his gentle Nurses - watching by his bed side - and

On the Death of a Soldier

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kindly ministered to his wants; bending over him with eyes full of pity, smoothing back the hair from his cold damp brow, with a hand gentle as a Woman's. Thus beautifully exemplifying that bond of Brotherhood which exist in the heart of every true Soldier, for a fellow Soldier, in distress.

When they had closed his eyes in that sleep, which knows no waking, they shrouded his lifeless form, in the folds of our beautiful Union as Flag, the Flag which they so loved; and which they had so often followed to Victory. Then they gathered around his bier, with bowed heads, and solemn mien. Then they carried him forth, with slow measured step, and with arms reversed, while the low beat, of the muffled Drum, told, that a Soldier had gone to his rest.

Oh! may the God of battles, and the Judge of the whole Earth, grant him an entrance into Life Eternal, ~~in~~ "Where the smile of the Lord is, the life of the Soul."

A. C. [illegible]

Our dear Old Flag; we cling to thee,
With all the love, our Fathers bore.
Thou art the emblem of the Free;
Tho' soiled with smoke, and stained, with gore.

Brave hands, have borne thee in the fight.
Brave hearts, beneath thy folds have bled.
And by thy Stars, our vows we plight.
We will avenge, our honored dead.

Our Eagle soars, along the coast.
He speeds his way, by land, and sea.
And with him goes, a mighty Host.
To plant the Banner, of the Free.

~~Baptized anew, in Freedom's cause,~~
Thy Stars, and Stripes, shall proudly wave.
Thy wreath, shall be, the World's applause.
Thy motto, Loyal, free, and brave.

x x x

D. 67.

The summer flowers are wreathing,
A garland rich and rare,
And the gentle breeze is flinging,
Their fragrance on the air.
While the Evenning Stars are shining,
And all without is Bright,
Sad thoughts are around me twineing,
And I am sad To night.

There are roses Beath my Window,
And I Breath their sweet perfume,
Yet I feel a gathering Shadow,
O'erspread my heart with gloom
If a word But idly Spoken,
Thus Bows me in the Dust,
Can the heart remain unbroken.
When hope resigns its Trust.

When I turn me to my Childhood,
There hangs a cloud of grief
For the Death of my Dear father
Whose Stay with me was Brief.

All my sprightly years of girlhood
Were to the aged given
Mom the aged one has left me,
And winged her way to Heaven.

Than come to my heart so lonely
A vision, a hope fearing it
It was the first and only
That ever found entrance there
It comes like a star of brightness
That cheers the lonely night
But O! I dread the darkness.
Should this star, withdraw its light

Against its charm I wrestled
The struggle was in vain
For in my heart it nestled
Nor shall we part again
Bis with me in the morning
When first I see the light
Bis by me, Day and Evening
And lightes the silly night
Yes my heart is sad and weary
While thought has seek sorrow
And my pathway life looks dreary
Oft with tears it must be passed
O father of the fatherless
Vouchsafe to hear my prayer
And by me more than she
Than I have strength to bare

June 22nd 1863

Low lone, is my dwelling.
How sad, is my lay,
Every hour is telling,
Of hopes that decay
The stillness within it
Oft degenerate to gloom,
A clouds on my spirit,
That naught will allume

I list for a footfall,
Familiar, and dear,
That light step in the hall
No longer I hear
I miss the kind greeting,
The hand placed in mine,
The good-night repeating,
At evening decline.

My harp, is neglected,
Its chords, are unstrung,
The muse sits dejected,
Its sweet chords among.
The silence and sadness
The heart struggles on
A stranger to gladness
Its sunlights is gone

Here is My dear

Ana Ann Ann Anna

How I miss thee gentle sister

How I miss thee, gentle sister,
Thou wert ever by my side;
Floating happily together,
Down youths sunny, waveless tide.

Then ur Anna Here is my dear Anna
Here is Here Here is my dear Anna
A trifle for thee
Here is my dear Anna
A trifle for thee
I hope thee Bannar thee

from the chair of My affections

To the memory of Sarah Coffin, by one, to whom she was justly, dear.

Another year, has closed to day,
Nine cycles, now have run,
Since she we loved, was borne away;
From this, her earthly home.

My counsellor, and guide, is gone,
My kind, and aged friend,
To her my thoughts, now fondly turn,
And with her memory, blend.

Again, her noble form, I view,
Meaning, with ease, and grace;
When timidly, I look'd into,
Her calm, benignant face.

I came to her, when but a child,
To fill a Daughter's place,
She welcom'd me, with accents mild,
While left a lasting trace.

Her kindness, won my youthful heart,
And hushed, each childish fear,
And tho the tears would sometimes start,
Her goodness, dried my tears.

How much I owe, thy tender care,
And kind, restraining power;
For guarding me, against each snare,
That lurks, in pleasures bower.

O may the seeds, which thou hast sown,
Take wider, deeper, root.
And on its branches, yet be borne,
Some good; and healthy fruit.

I wauld, that I could paint thy worth,
Or half thy virtues, tell,
But they are cherished, yet on Earth,
Again, dear friend, farewell.

August 9th 1853.

By gentleness, she led me on,
From one thing, to another,
Although I was not of her born,
She was to me, a mother.

And thus, she touch'd the hidden springs,
Which feeds, the fountain pure,
Touch but my heart, it stedfast clings,
While Life, and Light, endure.

I often camb'd, her silver hair,
And told her, stories wild,
When perch'd behind, her rocking chair,
Like any, thoughtless child.

Bright visions, fill'd each opening year,
And Sunshine, round me lay,
When every friend, I deem'd sincere,
And all the year, was May.

The daily read, the sacred page,
And, simplified its truth,
Thus side, by side, sat hoary Age,
And, inexperienced youth.

She train'd me, with a mother's care,
With teachings, firm, but mild,
God heard, my sainted, fathers prayer,
And blessed, his orphan child.

Through months, of slow, but sure decay,
I thought of naught, Beside,
I watched, beside her, night, and Day,
Until the hour, she Died.

Oh what a Trying hour, when they,
First told me, she was dead,
I could not bare, her agony,
And, from her Couch, I fled.

A cold dark wave, roll'd o'er my soul,
And fire, seemed in my Brain,
And then a faintness, o'er me stole,
That Lulled awhile, my Pain.

- - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -

Yet, once again, I comb'd her hair
But Oh, her head was Cold;
And colder, was, her heart so dear,
Which never, had grown Old.

We Laid her Body, in the dust,
And the dead, To dwell,
In faith, and hope, and humble trust,
That, all with her, was well.

Dear Aged one, though years have fled,
Since that appalling Day;
Thy precepts Live, tho thou art dead,
And o'er me, hold their sway.

On receiving a Serving Bird.

Welcome, thrice welcome, pretty bird;
Although thy tongue, is mute,
Tho' no sweet strains, from thee are heard,
Like the rich, mellow Flute,
There's beauty in thy spreading wing
And, in thy graceful form,
Thy beak is opened by a spring
Which is, another charm.

Together, we will ply our task,
Through many, silent hours—
While other birds, in sunshine bask,
And revel, mong the flowers—
More useful, then a prison'd bird
Whose pinions ache to fly—
Whose notes of sadness, oft are heard,
Pining, for the blue sky.

Its form, is like the bird of Jove,
Which Heathen bards have sung,
Who fearlessly careers above,
And looks, into the sun.
To us, the emblem of the free,
Swell high, the Te Deum,
And in his beak, our motto see,
E Pluribus, Unum.

over & side

There's not a bird, that shines the air,
I would exchange, for thee –
There's not a Gem, however rare –
Could buy, this gift from me,
Tho fortune frown, and friends grow cold,
Whate'er may be our lot, –
My heart will hold, forever hold,
The Giver unforgot.

Dec. 25th 1854.

Sweet Ella!

On the Death, of Mrs F. W. Taylor.

She has gone from the arms of affection,
As go, the bright things of the earth,
Love and friendship, now sit in dejection,
And muse on her Loss, and her worth.

All that could be, was done to restore her,
But art, had no power, to heal,
And she drooped, as droopeth the flower,
For Death, on her brow, set his seal.

But the Angel came not in his Terror,
It was, but a messagee of Love,
And her faith, became stronger and clearer,
As she drank, from the fountain above.

What a shining example, was given,
In her life, her sickness, and Death,
O, how bright, were her glimpses of Heaven,
As her star, was nearing the Earth.

It is over; and all that was mortal,
We now, have committed to dust,
But we feel, she has entered that portal
That Leads, to the home of the just.

As a Daughter, a wife, and a Mother,
A sister, companion, and friend,
In her, these were blended together,
With a luster, that few can transcend.

And oft, when the sun has descended,
To rest, in his far Ocean bed,
My thoughts, with her image is blended,
My heart, holds commune with the dead.

Yes dear friend, in the stillness of even,
When I think of thy peaceful decline,
I pray, that my prospect of Heaven,
May be, as unclouded, as thine.

~~Sleep, sleep~~,

O may they, whose proud hearts are bereaven,
Reinstatned, by the arm of the Lord;
To them may consolation be given
And that peace, which cometh from God.

Sleep, sleep, till earth's centre is shaken
And backwards, the Heavens shall roll,
When the dead, from their slumber shall waken,
May you meet; in the home of the soul.

Dec 1853.

# Lucy's Album.

Beauty may captivate the eye, dazzle the fancy, and cause the imagination awhile to run riot; but it is the higher, nobler, and more enduring graces of the mind, which will enchain the heart.

Beauty, is like a sweet, but fragile flower; soon the rose, will fade, the lily loose its whiteness; the eye its lustre, and the graceful form, its fair proportions; but the mind is immortal; when rightly improved, it rises superior to surrounding circumstances; often becoming brighter and brighter, as the body decays, until at last, the purified spirit, breaks away from its earthly fetters; and soars to the companionship of Angels; there forever, to hold communion with the pure, and good, in the presence of the Lord.

Such Lucy may it be with thee;
In life, and in eternity.

A. C. T.

Providence, April. 27th 1855.

Lucy's Album.

# Woman's Love.

Woman's pure love, when once 'tis wrought,
Clings like the Ivy, to the oak,
More knarled, and leafless, grows the tree,
More pure and deep, her love will be.

She seeks not Gold, her shrine to gild;
She seeks not fame, whereon to build;
But one fond heart, one kindred mind,
Wherein her love, may be enshrined.

Love is a Heaven, enkindled flame,
Worthy the source, from whence it came;
To quench its flame never vain, to try,
'Tis deathless, as Divinity.

To quench its flame, never easier far,
To quench the light, of evening's star;
To bind the Comet, as it flies,
And hurl the Sun, from yonder skies.

She'll struggle long, with want, and care;
And cold neglect, so hard to bare;
Then for one smile, one fond caress,
Back, rushes, all her tenderness.

Tho one, by one, her hopes depart;
Love, is the life breath, of her heart;
And like the Ivy, oft will cling,
In beauty, round a worthless thing.

O, say not, Woman's love is pain:
A fleeting Phantom, of the brain,
Nor idly crush, her hearts rich bloom,
And leave her breast, a living tomb.

A. C. T.

June 20th 1854.

Oh Summer Love.

To The Three Flowers, Lily, Rose, and Pink.

Abby — is Like the Lily; Fair,
Whose fragrance, perfumes all the air,
The Queen of Flowers, fit To preside,
Of all the garden, Tis the Pride.

Amy — is Like the Sharon Rose,
Which close beside the Lily, grows,
Its beauty, is, on Every Tongue,
And oft, has been, by Poets sung.

Anna — Like the Bright Carnation,
Claims at once, our admiration.
This is a Plant, of Beauty Rare,
And must be Train'd, with gentle Care.

Steve — is a Bud unblown,
What kind of Flower, is not yet known,
Train high, prune well, dig deep the Earth,
And Let this Plant, have perfect growth.

O — is not this, a Chaplet fair,
More rich, and Bright, than Victors ware,
Long may they form, as they do now,
A wreath, To Crown, their father's Brow.

April 19th 1853

Mr. Rivers
Chrisdam

Mr. John Olson

How pleasant and cheerful, is thy Home, thy Dear friend;
Where, neatness, and order, and Harmony, blend,
Where comfort and Elegance, and Taste, are combined;
And where Two, Loving Hearts, over all, are entwin'd.

Tis my privilege, and pleasure, To Visit this Home;
The hours I spend There, are, Too quickly flown,
Where good sense, and veracity, Enliven the Whole;
With a peasting of reason, and sweet flow, of soul.

Justly Dear to thy heart, is thy own, cherish'd home,
Where affection grows brighter, as years, roll on,
Long, may the Eternal, His spirit impart,
To keep bright, and happy, this home of the heart.

Dover July 20th 1853.

Ed

Thou art going from us, Lizzie,
Going from thy pleasant home,
To a far, far distant City,
Leaving us, to feel more lone.

Still, it seems to me, unreal,
Like some vagry of the night;
Something, painfully ideal,
That will vanish, with the light.

Long, our homes, have stood together;
Side by side, upon the hill,
Now we part, perhaps forever,
Who will now the vacuum fill?

We have join'd our hands, in gladness,
When joy, sparkled on our brow;
We have mingled, tears of sadness,
When Death laid, our loved ones low.

Fleeting years, have wrought their changes,
In the circle of our homes;
In in our social interchanges,
Hush'd, are many gentle tones.

D. E. Smith.

One by one, familiar faces —
Vanish from our tearful eyes;
Strangers come, and take their places,
While we mourn, the broken ties.

Merry oft directs these changes;
Tho, but dimly understood;
Thus our plans, it disarranges;
To work for us, greater good.

Many too, will miss thy sister,
When they find her there no more;
And the poor, still more will miss her,
While her loss, they will deplore.

Friends afar, impatient await you;
Kindred ties, there for you yearn;
Joyfully, again we'll greet you,
Should we live, and you return.

May rich blessings round you hover;
Whereso'e your path may tend;
These, will be the wishes, ever,
Of a neighbor, and your Friend.

Ann

Providence May 4th 1855.

# To Little Louise.

How shall I describe sweet Lulu,
Or her many charms declare,
She has more of Spanish beauty,
Than of our Northern fair.

With her long hair, richly flowing,
Darker, than the ravens wings,
When, in the sunshine glowing,
Or, when high in air, he springs.

Her dark, laughing eyes, now beaming,
Then again, with radiance shine,
And, then tenderly, are beaming,
As her spirit may incline.

With her full lips, finely moulded,
Brighter than the rubys here,
Like a rose-bud, just unfolded,
Sparkling with, the morning dew.

May she, early learn, those graces,
Of high intellectual worth,
And in bright and pleasant places,
Be her pathway, on the earth.

Never may these eyes, which glisten,
E're be dimmed, with sorrows tears,
Nor that brow, so smooth, and even,
E're be furrowed, with Lifes cares.

Flow

And may Angels, ever guard her,
Until Life's short journey's o'er,
Then may they To Heaven bare her,
There To dwell forever more.

Prov Dec. 27th/53.

Wm Lowe.

# To Lizzie.

Adieu, fair Southern Daughter;
My love, will round thee twine;
Although the deep blue Water,
Divide thy home from mine.

And have three years departed,
"Which look'd to you so long;"
When almost broken hearted,
You pined, for sunny home.

Our home, dear home of childhood,
"What can with it compare;"
In City, or in Wildwood,
That home, alike is dear.

"How stealthy, and how fleeting,
Time's noiseless footsteps are,
Scarce o'er, are smiles of greeting,
E'er comes, the parting tear.

Gone, is thy Golden Childhood;
Like blossoms on the air;
And passing, is thy Girlhood,
With flowerets, yet more fair.

And other years, are coming,
Years, dearer to the heart;
When thou, a lovely Woman,
Must bear a Woman's part.

Go to a parents bosom,
Tho we shall feel more lone;
Go add another blossom,
To those which grace your home.

Go, while your young affection,
Your glowing bosom warms,
Go, to that kind protection,
Which for your coming yearns.

Within thy dark eyes gleaming,
Is wild, a world of light
The inward spirits beaming,
O. keep that spirit bright.

Long may the fount of feeling,
Be hushed, within thy breast,
Ere you learn the sad revealing,
The throbbing hearts unrest.

The world is bright before thee;
The Earth, with beauty teems;
May no dark cloud flit o'er thee,
To dissipate thy dreams.

I will not mar thy gladness,
With thoughts of deeper years,
Nor will I trace life's sadness,
Or lift the Veil it wears.

Oh no, smile on fair maiden,
Glad with the Birds, and flowers,
Thou art in life's fair Eden,
Enjoy its rosy hours.

May the kind hand of Heaven,
With blessings, strew thy way,
And Holier hopes be given,
When these, shall fade away.

Adieu, Daughter of Savannah,
When you at home shall be,
Then sometimes think of Anna,
Who oft, will think of thee.

Anna M. Ve

Providence. 1854

Thoughts suggested while standing with a young Lady, beside the Tomb of her Mother.

Sleep, sleep on gentle Mother, how peaceful thy rest,
In this lonely spot, Death seems robb'd of its gloom,
With three Infants beside thee, in Death thou art blest,
While another dear Daughter, now weeps at thy Tomb.

Weep, weep not, O Daughter, there is bliss in her lot,
Tho early, her form, was laid low, in the dust,
For in life, she was loved, and in Death, unforgot,
And her spirit is now, with the Angels we trust.

There, there is a love, even Death, cannot sever,
Tho link, after link, may be torn from the chain,
It is pure— tis Holy— it liveth forever,
Else, how, could we, our sad, bereavements sustain.?

Mourn, mourn not the dead, they are peacefully sleeping,
Beneath the green Hillocks, around which we tread
But cherish their worth, while the heart keeps its beating.
"Forget not the Dead; O forget not the Dead."

How, how cheering the hope, that ties by death severed,
Shall again be united, in one perfect whole,
By faith in the Saviour, we all may be gathered
In the Mansions of bliss; the home of the soul.

August 9th 1853.

J. E. P.

Lines to a Lady at the
Tomb of her Mother.

Miss P. Sweetland.

To L. S. on recovering from sickness.

Disease, its iron hand has laid,
Once more, upon thy frame;
But skill, and care, its power hath stay'd,
And loosed its bands again.

And I rejoice with joy unfeign'd,
To see your health improved,
My heart, would have been, deeply pain'd
Had you too, been removed.

Two of my earliest, dearest friends,
Have from that hearth-stone gone;
This years, their healing influence lends,
Yet still, their loss, I mourn.

I miss them, from their pleasant home,
In each familiar spot,
I look for them, in every room,
But Oh I find them not.

Their friendship, it was frank and free,
Warm, generous, and kind,
Their memory, will ever be,
Within my heart enshrined.

But I have learned, tho late, tis true,
For I was loth to learn,
That real friends, are very few,
However the heart may yearn.

But O, I love them, all the more,
Those, who have stood the test,
And til life's fleeting dream is o'er,
That love, will warm my breast.

Prov. Feby 20th 1855.

Sometime, after your Departure,
I unclid the Box, to see;
How Look'd, my Little Keepsake;
When, Low, I found there, three.

T'was an unexpected Pleasure;
And, so Delicately Done,
That I Laid aside my Treasure,
And Wept, all the afternoon.

It was overflowing Gladness,
That first Caus'd, the Tear to Start,
Then it Touch'd a chord of sadness,
That is Cradled in my heart.

For Like a Harp, of many strings,
When Gently, Played upon;
A thrill of music from it springs,
Unless, Tis Taught, to mourn.

You are very kind, and thoughtful,
Of one, so near Alone,
And, I am, most truly grateful,
For all your kindness, shown.

I feel my deep indebtedness;
Yet, I ask not to be free,
But, I'd scorn the obligation;
Were it other, than to thee.

I would, I were more worthy,
To receive such gifts, from thee,
But, I'll keep them as incentives,
Of greater, worth to be.

April 25th/53.

# To the absent.

Why this long absence, what keeps thee away?
Longer than usual, has been thy last stay,
Ever at night-fall, I listen for thee,
Till the Deep stillness, is painful to me.

Here by the fire, is thy Favorite Chair,
It patiently waits, thy presence to share,
When will my home, echo thy voice;?
When will thy coming, bid me rejoice.?

Dictator, Ore, March 19th 1878

# Our Little Jet.

A little boy with golden hair,
And eyes, as black as jet,
A thoughtful brow, high, broad, and fair,
Has Eddie, our Little Jet.

A lovely mouth, whose soft repose,
A kiss, will often win,
Whose parted ruby Lips disclose,
Six pearly Teeth, within.

It warms mis heart, to see him smile,
And feel its witching power,
'Tis like a sunbeam, caught awhile,
And twined around a flower.

A perfect rounded form, as ire,
Was cast in Beauties mould,
And he is now, or very near,
One year, and six months old.

We miss thee much, since thou hast gone,
Sweet darling Little boy,
One more bright thing, has with thee flown,
That Turned my heart to joy.

May Angels guard thee, precious one,
And all Thy steps direct,
And from the ills of life to come,
O! shield our little Jet.

Christmas Eve, 1853

Cur pets

# The Three Homes.

I asked a little girl one day,
To tell me of her Home;
She skipped before me, playfully,
And beckoned me, to come.
'Tis there, she said, in yonder bowers;
Beside, the gushing spring,
'Tis there, I train, my pretty flowers,
And hear, the sweet Birds, sing.
O happy child, long may you be,
As now from care, and sorrow free.

Again I asked, a Maiden fair,
As she stood, side by side;
With one, of all the earth most dear,
A young, and happy Bride,
Joy mantled o'er, her youthful brow;
Her lips, the truth impart:
My home, my cherish'd home is now,
Within, a kindred heart,
Yea doubly blessed, have they become,
Whose heart, and hopes, and home is one.

At last, I asked a lonely one,
With grief, and age, oppressed;
Whose golden sands, were almost run,
Where now, she looked for rest;
A Heavenly smile, o'erspread her face:
Her eyes upraised in prayer,
My Saviour has, Prepared a Place
And loved ones, wait me there.
Thrice happy they, to whom its given,
To find at last, a Home in Heaven.

A.C.P.

Jan. 22nd 1855.

My dear Friend.

# An Autumnal walk.

It was a bright, autumnal Day,
As ever Tempted feet, To stray;
And, To the woods, we bent our way;
To feast on Beauties There
The wane, and glorious setting Sun,
His Daily Course, had almost run,
And while the Scene, we gazed upon,
The heart, Forgot its Care,

He Lay upon his golden Bed,
The Clouds had, To their chambers fled,
No misty vapours, Veiled his head,
And all, around was still,
Save, when the gentle, fragrant Breeze,
Breathed, through the saffron tinted Trees,
Or, Toying with the Crispy Leaves,
That Floated down the Hill,

The Spring has gone, and summers fled,
And autumn now, its Tints has Spread,
The Little Songsters, To have Fled,
To gladden, other Shores.

Autumnal walk,

The Harvest has, the Labourer Crowned,
And Peace, and Plenty, here abound,
Such Autumn Beauties, are not found,
In any Land, but ours.

We rambled, till we reached a Lot,
It was a sweet, enchanting Spot,
So Lovely, soon to be forgot,
And there, we stopped to rest.
Twas sheltered, by an ancient wood,
Which has, for generations stood,
And Sheltered, many a Little Brood,
Within its Leafy Breast.

And to the South, in Beauty rose,
The City, in its Calm Repose,
With all its Pleasures, and its woes,
Seemingly, hushed to sleep.
Few know the hearts, that bleeding then,
The Daily, agonizing Prayer,
For strength, and Patience still to bare,
With Sorrow, wild and deep.

The harvest moon, rose ~~clear~~ full, and bright,
Flooding the Earth, with Silver light,
Filling the heart, with pure Delight,
Like music, Gentle Tone,
The moon-beams played, among the Trees,
And balmy, was the Evening Breeze,
All nature thus, conspired To please,
And pleased, we reached our home

There is a joy, a light, a Tone,
That Clusters round, our own dear home,
That every Loving heart, will own,
For all have felt its power,
If kindly hearts, but meet us there,
If we, each others pleasures share,
And help Divide, each others care,
Tis than, an Eden Bower,

Avon Oct 19th 1875.

Sometime, after your Departure,
I unclid the Box, to see;
How Look'd, my Little Keepsake;
When, Lou, I found there, three.

It was an unexpected Pleasure;
And, so Delicately Done,
That I Laid aside my Treasure,
And wept, all the afternoon.

It was overpowering Gladness,
That first caus'd, the Tear to start,
Than it Touch'd a chord of sadness,
That is Cradled in my heart.

For Like a Harp, of many strings,
When Gently, Played upon;
A thrill of music from it springs,
Unless, Tis Taught to Mourn.

You are very kind, and Thoughtful,
Of one, so near Alone,
And, I am, most Truly Grateful,
For all your kindness, shown.

I feel my deep indebtedness;
Yet I ask not, to Be free;
But I'd scorn the obligation;
Were it other, than to thee.

I would, I were more worthy,
To receive such gifts, from thee;
But, I'll keep them as incentives,
Of Greater, Worth To Me.

April 25th/53.

If it comes like home, here, as you say.
Why came you not, thanksgiving day.
I thought from what you said to me,
You were inclined, to come to see.

I thank you for one pleasure given,
The visit from your little Stephen;
And if it was to claim the same,
I hope you'll let him, come again.

We found much in him to admire,
The son, is, very like his sire.
His dress, and manners, both declare
His father's, and his sister's care.

His bearing, easy, and polite.
Good sense, with modesty unite
His language good, and guarded, even.
For one, whose years, are only seven.

There's beauty in his form and face
A manly mien, with childlike grace.
But what is more than all, to me.
He has, some sensibility.

If I can read, his speaking Eye.
A gifted mind, I can Discry.
Withhold not care, nor spare expence,
She'll yield you, a rich recompence

Methinks its needs, But gentle power.
To Bring that Bud, To perfect Flower.
To rear this last, young sapling shoot.
And Bring the Flower, to perfect fruit.

I do not wish, to flatter thee.
'Twas thus the Boy appeal'd to me
Excuse advice, thus freely given.
We were much pleased, with little Stephen

Nov 20th 1852.

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# An Acrostick.

May all the fond hopes, which round thee are twining,
All be, like the Stars, in their radience bright;
Round thy fair brow, like a jewel'd wreath shining,
Youth, beauty, worth, and a mind, rich and bright.

Aim then, to excel, in all you are Learning,
Nor falter, till you, the high Honors have won;
Nor forget the fond hearts, that for you are yearning,
And complete the bright course, so nobely begun.

Keep guard o'er thy heart; its impulse and feelings;
Nor deem it ignoble, this strict watch to keep;
O! may none, but pure, and happy revealings,
Well up, from that fountain, so deathless and deep.
Let kindness, refinement, and gentle affection,
Encircle thee round, with charms ever new;
Such, when beauty shall fade, will win admiration;
and, such are the hopes, we cherish for you.

Anna.

Sept 6th 1854.

# An Invocation to rest

Rest Dear one rest, may Angels round thy pillow,
Hovering unseen, their nightly vigils keep,
As placid as the stream, where droops the willow,
May be thy rest, thy Sweet, unbroken sleep.

And should thou wander, in that Land of Visions
Mid scenes of bliss, in Fancys fairy Bowers,
O, may a charm, from that dream-land Elysian,
Bring joy and gladness, o'er thy waking hours.

Thus may thy Life, flow Like a gentle river,
Which by a thousand Silver streams is fed,
May thy heart, rise to him, the Glorious giver,
Who has dispensed, such blessings, on thy head.

May added years, with every needed blessing,
To make Life Dear, to thee, be freely given,
When thy sun sets, may hope thy heart possessing,
Lull to that sleep, whose waking is in Heaven.

Thursday Night, Nov 3rd 1856.

To Sleep

# Little Alice's home.

While my dear little Alice, forgive my delay,
In fulfilling the promise, I made her one day,
To twine her a wreath, of the fairest of Flowers,
All differing in beauty, in growth, and in powers,
Gathered from an enclosure, not far from my home,
Where Trees, shrubs, and Plants, feast the eye with their bloom.

But more lovely, than these, are those bright, human flowers,
So carefully trained, in that Fairest of Bowers,
Thy sire, like a Cedar, is deep rooted, and firm,
Whose vigorous branches, waves high, to the sun,
By his side, the fair Olive, full of Goodness, and Love,
Whose emblem is peace, in the beak of the Dove.

Mary, the rose, in music, begins to excell,
Lizzey, the lily, in drawing, now promises well,
Alice, the blue-bell, is busy with her crocheting hook,
Annie, the Violet, is engaged with her Book,
Henry, a little Pet lad, is playing bo-peep,
Emily the forget-me-not, is cradled to sleep.

Like an octave in music, each varying in tone,
Yet, in harmony blending, the notes of sweet home,
Three other fair flowers, to this Parterre were given,
But they, are removed, and transplanted in Heaven,
On golden harps playing, with the Angels above,
In the home of the Saviour, prepared by his Love,

A. T. V.

I have twined you a chaplet, more rich, bright, and rare,
Than that, woven by Princess's, for Victors to wear,
O! keep ever unsullied, this unfading wreath,
Keep it fresh with the Dew, of affections pure breath,
Long, long, may the Omnient, his spirit impart,
To keep bright, and happy, this home of the heart,

Oct 29 1853

To my little friend.

Little Allie Young Long

# Carrys baby.

I called upon Carry, one bright sunny day,
I found her at home, with her baby's at play,
With one child on her lap, and one, at her knee,
A fit group, for a painter, methought they would be.

The eldest, is Mary, a beautiful girl,
Whose soft flaxen hair, is inclining to curl,
With delicate features, a brow smoothe and even,
And eyes that may vie, with the deep blue of Heaven.

On her fair dimpled cheek, is the tint of the rose,
With exhuberant spirits, that baffles repose,
A little coquetish, much given to play,
And blithe as a bird, on a sweet summers day,

Now singing, now dancing, and now she up-springs,
And anon, through the House, her merry laugh rings,
As well catch a sun-beam, and train it at will,
As learn such an one, to be quiet, and still.

Anna, the baby, is a pretty Brunette,
With a prominant brow, and eyes deeply set,
Their colour is dark, like the shadows of Night,
And as bright as two stars, in their varying light.

Her hair is the shade, of the Chestnut's dark hue;
And her mouth like a rose bud, moistened with dew,
With a sweet disposition, this dear one is blessed,
She is bright, but yet gentle, a Dove in the nest.

Long may these fair sisters Live, Twining Together,
Fulfilling the hopes, of their Father, and Mother,
Rich in the graces, of the mind's higher bloom,
The joy, and the Pride, and the Light, of their home.

Dear Christmas Eve. 53.

Fanny Fuller.

"Whom the Lord loveth, he chasteneth."

Once again, the cup of mourning,
Has been offered thee, to drink;
Thy torn heart, again is yearning,
O'er another, broken link.

Now the youngest, sweetest blossom,
Has been laid, away to rest;
Laid beside, that gentle bosom,
Where, its little head, once pressed.

No more, his infantile beauties
Shall rejoice, thy stricken heart;
Cheering thee, mid mournful duties,
To perform, thy lonely part.

From the wreath, which love has woven
One flower, and one bud, is gone;
Gone to bloom, anew in Heaven.—
Radient, round the Saviours throne.

over leaf

P/o G. Congdon.

O what depths, of bitter anguish;
Well up, in our inmost heart;
When we see, our loved ones, languish.
And our cherished ones, depart.

O tis hard, to learn submission;
And to bow, with hearts resigned;
In the furnace, of affliction.
The pure Gold, becomes refined.

We shall reap, in joy, as surely,
As our hopes, in tears are sown.
Grieve not then; thy babe, thus early,
To its Mothers arms, has flown.

Lift thy tearful eyes, to Heaven;
Far beyond the star-lit skyes;
Brighter than the gems, of even;
They now shine in Paradise.

Mingling there, in near communion,
With the Father, and the Son:
Waiting you, in blessed reunion,
When your earthly course, is run.

When thou hast fulfilled thy Mission,
And proclaim'd a risen Lord,
Offering, a free Salvation,
Through the merits, of his blood.

Then may he, the meek, and lowly,
Seal thee, with the Fathers love;
Crowning thee, with endless glory,
In that happy, home above.

Dec 27th 1857.

# The Evening Star.

'Tis night, the dew is on the rose,
The winds, are lulled to sleep;
The world is wrapped, in soft repose,
The Stars, their Vigils keep.

The Sun, long since, hath gone to rest;
Within his Ocean Bead,
The golden clouds, that round him pressed
They too, have all – all fled.

The twilight hour, the shades of even,
Are deepning, into Night;
Still burns, the Starry lamps of Heaven,
With unminished light.

It is the sacred hour of thought,
When visions bright, and clear,
With fancys golden thread inwrought,
And fond hopes, hover near.

And many who with grief oppressed,
Weep o'er their buried love
Now seek at this still hour that rest
Which cometh from above.

When I the Lovely Heavens behold,
Arrayed with light divine,
I blame not those, in days of old,
Who worshiped, at that shrine.

One star, more brilliant, than the rest,
Ascends the Eastern sky,
Its course, is onward, to the west,
And upward, still more high.

The countless gems, around thee shine,
With Heavens refulgent light,
Their lustre fades, when near'd by thine,
And vanishes from sight.

How, many lonely hours, I've sat,
Fan'd, by the evening breeze;
And watched its radiant Coronet,
Rise, o'er the tall dark trees.

Beath its mild beams, I wake my Lyre,
Tho feebly it pourtrays,
The flashes, of poetic fire,
That round my fancy plays.

Its gentle light, so calm and pure,
Has tranquilized my heart;
And nerved my spirit to endure,
And bear its bitter part.

They tell me of a place of rest,
Where naught, our peace shall mar,
Where dwells the spirits of the blest,
In yonder, realms afar.

Companion, of my weary hours;
I bless thee for thy light,
O, had I higher, nobler powers,
To read, thy teachings right.

Sometimes, an envious Cloud has come,
And veil'd its brightness o'er,
But soon, the Star, above it shone,
More brightly, than before.

Thus may the Star, of hope illume,
The Clouds, that round us wind
Disperse the gathering shades of gloom.
Or make us more resigned.

Shine on, bright Star, in beauty shine,
Cheer others, with thy light
Placed yonder, by a hand Divine
Gem, on the brow of Night-

A. E. W.

1855.

The Evening Star.

# Mid-Summers Day.

The morning Sun, rose bright, and clear;
While all the Eastern Hemisphere,
Shone, like an Arch of Gold;
On either side in beauty lay—
Soft fleecy clouds, where sunbeams play
Around, each wavy fold.

The mountain peaks, are tipped with fire;
The tree-tops, and the gilded spire—
Are radient, with his rays;
The flowers, exhale their sweet perfume
The birds, their mellow throats, attune,
Chanting, their Roundelays.

How lovely, thus, at early morn,
To ramble o'er, the dewy lawn;
To climb some verdant Hill:
And, from its summit, look abroad
From nature, up to natures God;
When all beside, is still.

To catch the cool, refreshing breeze;
As it sweeps o'er the lofty Trees,
Then stoops to kiss each flower;
Oh! what a scene, is lost to those,
Whose eyes are sealed, in soft repose,
Dreaming away this hour.

There, trees, their luscious fruitage yields;
There, smiling plenty, crowns the fields;
How beautiful, is Earth;
What treasures, in her bosom sleep;
What gems, lie hidden, in the deep,
How infinite their worth.

The distant sound, of flocks, and herds,
Commingling, with the songs of Birds,
Soft, as the Summer Lute;
When every voice, at this sweet hour,
Adores one all, pervading power,
Should Man's alone be mute?

'Tis noon; the Sun triumphant reigns;
The hills, the valleys, and the plains,
Are with his glories crown'd.
The flocks have sought the silent glade,
The herd are panting in the shade,
Their heads, bowed to the ground.

No bird, no insect, now I see,
None, save the ever labouring Bee,
Taking her daily food,
She still, she glides, from flower, to flower,
She seems to feel, the sultry hour—
And moves, with sound subdued.

---

The vernal spring, with smiles, and showers,
With fresh, young leaves, and opening flowers,
Too soon, have passed away.
And Summer now, with haughty mien
Reigns, like a stately, beautious Queen,
With undisputed sway.

Summer has reached its golden prime;
And like the Sun, must soon decline,
And vanish, like the Spring;
Autumn, will come, with glowing skies,
With all her brilliant, varied dyes,
And her rich harvesting.

Thus youth, like spring, is quickly flown,
Maturer years, come hastening on,
Each with some fond hope rife,
Tho cheated oft, we trust on still,
Until our feet, descend the hill,
The downward hill, of life.

---

The last pale ray of light, has gone;
That linger'd, where the setting Sun,
Went, to his nightly rest;
Mid summers day has come, and passed,
The evening shadowes, gather fast,
And deepen, in the West.

How soft, how soothing, the repose,
That steals around us, at the close,
Of a sweet Summers day;
Fond memories through the day repress,
Now rise tumultuous in the breast
And on the heart-chords play.

The evening breeze, the dewy shower,
Restores exhausted natures power,
The flowers, lift up their heads;
The Honeysuckle, sents the air,
While Humming Birds, that nestled there,
Have sought, their leafy beds.

Tho' much I love the rosy morn,
The Splendour of the radiant noon,
Yet more, I love the even;
The mind may then unfold her wings,
And soar awhile, from earthly things,
To hold commune, with Heaven.

And oft, it soars, to that bright home,
Where parents, brothers, Sisters, gone,
Have met again, above,
With Friends, whose smiles, once round us lay
Whose voices, cheer'd us on our way,
Who blest us with their love.

How beautiful, the Star-gem'd night,
The milky way, the Meteor's flight
Across, yon Azure, deep;
The Stars look down, like Angels eyes,
Their Vigils keeping from the skies,
To guard us, while we sleep.

What if those Orbs may never know
What passes, in this sphere below,
Yet still, one eye can see;
The moon, and Stars, withold their light,
And ten-fold darkness, veil the night,
That eye, is Deity

Each season comes, in bright array,
With beauty, and with melody;
To charm the eye, and ear;
The months, are like twelve jewels set,
Which form, a brilliant Coronet,
To crown, each circling year.

Pisa. June 1856.

A.C.P.

Mil Summer

To Mrs L—.

Dear Lady, words can scarce convey,
The pure exquisite pleasure,
Which came to me, with that Bouquette;
Cull'd, from your Floral treasure.

Dearly, I love the fresh, bright flowers
But more; I have the feeling,
Which gathered them, from yonder bowers
Thus, a kind, heart revealing.

Flowers, have a language, all their own.
A voice, in ev'ry blossom,
Wch finds a quick, responsive tone,
In every gentle bosom.

This floral gift, is prized by me,
Both for the gift, and giver,
Dear Lady, may your pathway be.
Mid flowers, and bright hopes ever.

June 29th 1854.

On receiving a Bouquette from
Mrs Lyman.

# Christmas Eve.

I Love the merry Christmas,
Much joy it brings to me.
To see all glad, and happy,
From Age, to infancy:
From rich, and poor, bond, and free;
We hear the Land acclaim -
From valley, Hill, to mountain,
Old Christmas, is the same.

The poor; forget their poverty,
The slave, forgets his chain,
The widow smiles, to see her boy,
With Christmas, come again.
Awhile, the good Mechanic,
Lays down, his Plane and rule.
A glad surprise, his planing,
For his Lov'd ones at school.

Old Age, forgets its weakness,
And pains, is felt no more,
While watching, for a curly pate
To enter, yonder door,
And, when he hears him shouting
Can ought, his pleasure mar.?
I wish you, merry Christmas,
My Dear, Grand-papa.

It brings again, our childhood,
All innocent, and gay,
When we list to hear the Church Bells
Which rang so merrily,
And when, To get our stocking,
We softly, left our Bed,
Gliding, Like little spirits,
So noiseless, was our Tread.

O happy, happy Childhood,
Sometimes, I envy thee,
Those unalloyed pleasures,
Which I, no more may see,
I have their Bird-like spirits,
Their voices, glad, and free,
While their Little hearts, keep dancing
Like sunshine, on the sea.

But I am far, from Childhood,
And Age, is far from me,
I am not poor, nor wealthy —
I am not bound, or free,
Nor am I, yet unhappy,
Since others joys I see,
Accept with this Dear Anna,
A Christmas wish, from me.

Dec 25th/63.

Christmas Eve.

Providence Jan. 18th 1864

[redacted]

"We shall meet and rest, – Bonar

Where the faded flower shall freshen,–
Freshen nevermore to fade;
Where the shaded sky shall brighten,–
Brighten nevermore to shade;
Where the sun-blaze never scorches;
Where the star-beams cease to chill;
Where no tempest stirs the echoes
Of the wood, or mare, or hill;....
Where no shadow shall bewilder;
Where life's vain parade is over;
Where the sleep of sin is broken,
And the dreamer dreams no more;
Where the bond is never severed,–
Partings, claspings, sobs ~~and moans~~, moan
Midnight waking, twilight weeping,
Heavy noontide,– all are done;
Where the child has found its mother;
Where the mother finds the child;
Where dear families are gathered,
That are scattered on the wild;....
Where the hidden wound is healed;
Where the blighted life reblooms;
Where the smitten heart the freshness
Of its buoyant youth resumes;....
Where we find the joy of loving,
As we never loved before,–
Loving on, unchilled unhindered,
Loving once, forever more" ....

J. G. V.

June 28th 1866

The shade meet, and just.

# Invocation to sleep.

The sun, has gone to rest,
The light, has left the west,
The birds have sought their nest,
Then let me sleep.
The moon, sails through the sky,
The stars are bright on high,
Angels, beneath God's eye,
Their vigils keep.

Hope, nestles at my heart,
Oh may it never depart
I feel its magic art,
And yet I weep.
Why weep? I cannot tell;
Joy weaves o'er me its spell;
Sweet thoughts, my bosom swell,
Forbiding sleep.

'Tis past the noon of night,
I scarcely note its flight,
But e're the morning light,
I fain would sleep.
Sweet sleep, will soon be here,
Sweet strains, I seem to hear;
Dear forms, are hovering near,
I soon shall sleep.

Miranda Pot

A cry, breaks on the Midnight air,
It is now gentle, and now higher,
Until the shout, comes strong, and clear,
'Tis the appalling cry, of fire.

The Bells repeat, the dread alarm,
While Engines, rattle through the street,
Propelled, by many a stalwart arm,
The common fiery, foe, to meet.

Those Valiant men, are all unpaid,
From Palace, and from Cot they come,
Vieguring

# Autumn.

The Trees, and shrubs are Bare;
The Earth with Leaves is strewn,
And, with the dying year,
The Summer Birds, have flown.

The Sun, looks Pale and Wan;
Blue Mist, is on the Hill,
The day, is But a Span,
The Evening, Cold and Still.

But Winters hoary Frost,
Has many charms for me;
The Vernal Beauties Lost,
And Flowers, he More I see.

Tis then, the joys of home,
Are felt, and dearly prized,
That Theme, so often Sung,
Is fully realized.

Keep Bright and green, one power,
Let Love, be its warm Sun,
Twine there, affections Flower,
And Let that Power, Be home.

Bring Books, bring works of art,
Bring music, gentle Tone,
Improve the mind, and heart,
And few, would Love to roam.

Guard well, thy Lov'd retreat,
From every chilling Breath,
From passions fiercer heat,
So fraught, with blight and Death.

Bright Spring, will soon return,
With renovating Power,
And Summer's golden Sun,
Will, Tint the Fragrant flower.

A joyless, cheerless home,
Is poisoned at the root,
It bears a stinted flower,
And yields, a bitter fruit.

Oct 25th 1855

The fall of the leaf, and home.

# A Brother's Lament.

Dearest sister, I miss thee; thy spirit has flown;
One more fold of heart, lies bleeding, and torn,
Wounded, but is my spirit, beneath this sad shock,
For though art the youngest, the pet of the flock.

Closed are those eyes, where intelligence shone,
Silent that sweet voice, which was melody's own,
Stilled is that fond heart, and forever at rest,
Those hands, which are folded, upon thy hush'd breast.

Dearest sister, in life, I shall see thee no more;
They have made thee a grave, on a far distant shore,
The fairest, the loveliest, they soonest depart,
Oh! tis hard this untwining, the chords of the heart.

Never more shall we mingle, our smiles, and our tears,
Nor repose in each other, our joys, and our fears,
What sorrow, what sadness, what grief, fills the breast,
When gone, are the dear ones, we have lov'd, and caressed.

Faith, pointeth me upward, to a home in the skies,
Where no farewell is said, where no tears, dim the eyes,
Where no pestilence walketh, in darkness and gloom,
There, no more we shall sink, from the dark frowning tomb.

Let me cling to that faith, to the Christian, so dear;
Let me turn for support, to the fountain of prayer,
Till my spirit meet thine, in that blissful abode,
There forever to dwell, in the smile of the Lord.

A mothers lament

Dec. 25 to G Larned.

To Mrs M—.

Lady, accept the thanks, that's due
For these sweet flowers, you brought me,
While, gratefully, I own to you,
The Lesson, which they taught me.

As I lay here, so sick and lone,
I felt almost forsaken,
But you, and others, since have shown,
In this, I was mistaken.

Nor shall I, soon, if e'er forget,
The friends, who came to cheer me,
Dear friends, I find, are left me yet,
And some, were very near me

Here is a Louis Philippe rose,
With Arbutelon, combining,
And Hilletrope, in sweet repose,
With geranium leaves, entwining.

These bright flowers, with their rich perfume,
Has touch'd a chord of feeling,
And help'd dispel, the shade of gloom,
That o'er my heart, was stealing.

This floral gift, is prized by me,
Both for gift, and giver,
Dear Lady, may your pathway be,
Mid flowers, and bright hopes, ever.

E. Ann Ellis.

# Answer To Valentine.

Oft fancy brings, that bridal train,
As through a magic lenses;
When Hymen link'd the silken chain
Around our mutual friends.

And when I'm in a musing mood,
That scene, I then recall;
When we, Like fourteen Statues, stood,
Hang'd, Long the Parlor wall.

What if those fleeting hours have fled,
Upon Time's feathery wing;
Their recollections have not fled;
And pleasant thoughts, they bring.

Accept my thanks; and pardon do,
The Lateness of the Time;
I knew not, until lately, who,
Sent me, this Valentine.

Answer to Valentine.

Song to the absent.

I miss thee – at the Eventide,
When hushed is busy day.
Thy seat is vacant by my side
And thought to thee will stray.
I miss thee, when the rising moon,
Has kissed the feathery foam,
Which crest the mighty ocean wave,
On which the Bark is borne.

I miss thee, when the Evening comes
When Book and work are over.
When silence o'er the Household reigns,
And nurse, the Parting Hour.
I miss the clasping of thy hand.
Thy warm Breath on my cheek
Thy gentle voice, and smile so Bland
When thou, to me, didst speak.

While mingling with the festive throng,
Comes there one thought of me,
While I attune, my humble song.
And string my lyre, for thee.
I miss thee – O chide not my lay,
Nor, deem my muse to free
Untill life pass, last lingering ray
Has set, I'll think of thee.

Fancy to the colonel

# To my Rocking Chair.

In my home, is a Parlor, Big pleasant, and neat,
At the close of the day, 'Tis a cozy retreat,
For it faces the South, and the moon shines in there,
And its bright beams now rest, on my favorite Chair.
Happy hours I've spent there, the heart loves to own,
Nor would I foget them, for a seat on a Throne,
I have many reasons, some of which I'll declare,
Why I value so highly, my own Rocking Chair.

First, 'Tis my own, one better, you seldom will see,
Besides, 'Tis a present, from my Brother, to me,
It is made of black walnut, and covered with hair,
And tho, not a large one, 'Tis a very nice Chair;
It is finely proportioned, and balanced just right,
The arms, back, and seat, are just the right height,
I have set it a Vieiy, to keep the Maist hair,
From soiling the Tops, of my own Rocking Chair.

When wearied in body, or Languied in mind,
In its friendly embrace, a sweet solace, I find,
At Morn, and at eve, 'Tis my Alter of Prayer, (Chair,
And the pure thoughts of my heart, are breathed from that
I have sat there, when rapture was crowding my breast,
I have sat there, when sadness, deprived me of rest,
And the dearest of friends too, has often sat there,
Who can blame me for loveing, my own Rocking Chair.

I have reasons, more dear, but these surely will prove,
Although only a Chair it is worthy of Love,
Tho' I rock but seldom, yet I often set there,
And a page of life's history, is twined round that chair,
Dear, and more dear, to my heart, it ever will be,
For gold, cannot buy it, tis a jewel to me.
Tho time may deface it, and its beauty impair,
Still dear to my heart, will be, my old Rocking chair,

A. E. Y.

Rocking Chair